



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.
AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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THE new management of the Gresham music lectures, forms one of the most striking events of the musical year in the metropolis. It is well known into what an utterly useless, absurd, and contemptible formality, the liberal design of the founder had dwindled; and nothing could have supported the lecturer through the farce of commenting on some technical point of composition, in an obscure room of the Royal Exchange, in the middle of the day and the heart of business hours, to an audience of three or four ladies, (making with the professor five old women), but ancient precedent—the concurrent example of brother professors—and the affectionate respect with which the English people have hitherto viewed the pocketing of a sinecure. To take a cool hundred per annum for mounting the rostrum for a few hours during term, and reading a discourse which scarcely any one listened to and nobody understood, was such an ingenious way of *humming* Sir Thomas—the adherence to the letter of his instructions in changed times was so conscientious—that we must perforce admire.

The late Mr. Steevens, who might often have addressed his congregation in the style of Swift's curate, felt the embarrassment of his situation. To smuggle the lectures through without any audience at all was impossible in such a city as London;—chance always sent in one or two idle or curious people, and these were always enough, the time, the place, and the solemnity of the communication considered, to raise ludicrous emotions. Woe be to any little girl, who, struck with the oddity of the proceeding, gave way to merriment. The worthy Mr. Steevens, who exhaled much of the sweetness of his disposition in his glees, never felt the genial effect of a smile on these occasions—on the contrary, his natural sternness of visage became so formidable and awful, that his hearers shrunk into themselves. The reciprocal benevolence of the lecturer and his audience, which is so necessary

to be felt before instruction can be successfully communicated, was therefore wholly wanting. *He* seemed to be addressing hearers of whose capacity to understand him he much doubted, or of whose satirical propensities he had misgivings—they appeared to view a severe and cynical old gentleman compelled to go through a certain routine of duty for their diversion, in whatever way they chose to take it. We suspect that there was a strong re-action of feeling on both sides, and on neither very complimentary to the other. It was high time that such a vain and ridiculous observance should be abandoned for something better adapted to the existing condition of society.

The original design of the founder of the Gresham Lectures in respect to music, was, without question, to foster that talent for composition of which such noble indications were beginning to be visible in England in his own day. The pupils of the professor were probably those who were thought most likely to benefit by the discourse. But music is a subject of which the scientific part is at any time far better fitted for a book, and the consideration of a leisurely reading, than for oral discourse;—and to address a lecture to composers in the present age, when really we are not so much in want of new compositions, as to understand and extend the knowledge of those we already possess, would be supremely ridiculous. The real benefit of music lectures consists in the extension and enlightenment of the musical public—and these purposes will be always answered, when a conscientious musician, earnest in the cause which he advocates, endeavours to influence the thoughts and feelings of his audience in behalf of that which is really good, by setting before them, in as complete a state as possible, a series of choice compositions.

To such an object the Gresham music lectures are now turned, and will probably accomplish more beneficial results than even the founder contemplated. The hole and corner proceedings being abolished, and the time of delivery altered to an hour which permits the attendance of the citizens, the professor has the gratification of meeting a crowded assembly, who hear his discourse with interest, and thus that uneasy sense of a farcical proceeding which had so distressing an effect on the temper of Mr. R. S. Steevens when addressing next to nobody, is quite avoided. If some advantages in the easy dispatch of the duties of the professorship are sacrificed by the publicity now adopted, they are more than counterbalanced by the reflection on a commanding position employed for the true benefit of art.

MUSIC IN MONASTERIES.

(Abridged from the *Souvenirs de Voyage* of J. Mainzer, in *La France Musicale*.)

A distinguished part in the history of German music is formed by the school of Austrian composers and organists, most of whom lived in the monasteries on the banks of the Danube, and there devoted themselves to the study of their art. There the works of the composers of Southern Germany were conceived and executed, many of which, but for the honourable hospitality which these institutions afforded, would have scarcely seen the light. As soon as a work was finished, the means of executing it were not wanting;—the boys of the choir and of the school

—the fathers of the chapter, and the musicians who were attached to the monastery, were quite sufficient without other aid. In the monasteries of St. Florian, Krems-Münster, Seitenstetten, Lerchenfeld, Mölk, and Neuburg, the classical masters from Fux to Mozart found a generous reception,—an orchestra, an organ, and choristers. Attached to the monasteries were schools devoted to music; the art was thoroughly cultivated, both as it regards composition and execution; and in this latter respect, the studies comprehended every thing from the organ to the drums.

Music is the poetical side of this monotonous life in which existence is laid out in certain appointed hours, and every action is regulated by the sound of the abbey clock. Now it calls the inhabitants to study—now to walk—sometimes to pray—sometimes to eat; but nothing material breaks the ordinary history of the day unless it be the arrival of a stranger;—then, indeed, every thing that escapes his lips, the most simple adventure, the flattest incident circulates with rapidity from mouth to mouth—from the father Abbot to the meanest turnspit. The stranger is omnipotent; it is in his power to enliven or sadden the whole community.

All kinds of music are performed in the convents on the banks of the Danube. Not merely are the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart performed by the monks with the same perfection that they are in the concert-rooms at Vienna, but Beethoven, Spöhr, Weber, and Hummel vary the selections with Romberg, Mayseder, Ries, and Fesca. Quartets and concertos have their turn. Sometimes the cloistered inhabitants of neighbouring monasteries unite, in order to give peculiar strength to the motets of Graun and Caldara, and the oratorios of Handel, Bach, &c.

When the moon gilds the waves of the Danube, and casts her pale rays upon the valley, then the Convent of Mölk reveals its mysterious form; and there is something magical in the effect of the solitary and desolate scene, when the tones of the organ mixed with religious chaunts, given by the monks with solemnity and fervour, steal upon the silence of the night, and mingle with the sound of the river. Albrechtsberger, who used to listen with delight to the *canto fermo* of the monks, often got out of his bed, and slipping into the church behind one of the columns, would hide himself in some corner, and feel tears of rapture start at the hearing of these sublime ancient melodies:—"O Maximilian," said he, one day to the Abbe Stadler; "how ineffective—how little are our best works compared with the touching accents of those monks."

[In this picture of a conventual life there is so much to attract, that could our young musicians view the grand solitude of Mölk, they would think nothing of forswearing the world to dedicate themselves to music within its walls. Even the necessity for occasionally "turning out" at two o'clock in the morning to chaunt the "*De Profundis*" in a cold church, would scarcely deter them. But all the grandeur and beauty of monkish music has, in fact, become a dream of the imagination—the genius of the time has changed—and were all our most promising musicians educated within the walls of a convent, we should hardly get another Fux or Albrechtsberger. It is full sixty years since the musical abbey of Mölk has produced any name of European celebrity, and yet music continues to be cultivated in it; and its shaveling professors even execute the finales to Rossini's operas, and play concertos on the violin and piano. There is a violence to the imagination in this sort of monastic exploits. We cannot associate the cowl and the rosary with an *air varié* by De Beriot, or a fantasia by Thalberg. These things have no savour of renouement of the world; on the contrary, they are in the highest degree secular, and they force us to the conclusion, that so to devote the attention under the pretence of religious vows, is a farce in the very worst taste. In the troubled times of the chivalric ages, monasteries were a refuge for men of superior intelligence, who pursued in them studies which accorded with the quiet routine of a religious life. Church music flourished while it went hand in hand with faith and feeling. But a set of fiddling and fluting monks must, on the face of the thing, have very little reason or very little conscience. If the fiddle, why the cowl? If the cowl, why the fiddle? We will venture to say, from the present low condition of monkery throughout Europe, that the toleration of this idle solo playing ambition in monasteries, has completely destroyed the grand religious spirit of the music, which prevailed in them in former times.]

THE RELATIONS OF POETRY AND MUSIC.

Common sense is perhaps in no affair so outraged as in the setting of words to music. It is not merely that nonsense is set, but that even this nonsense is set nonsensically. To explain our views on this subject, we will discuss separately the two charges here indicated; the one having reference to the nature of poetry chosen or designed for music, the other to the principles of adaptation.

The union of poetry and music is by no means the spontaneous thing; it is believed to be, notwithstanding their many strong points of resemblance. Association has combined the two arts more closely than their natural relation altogether justifies; for, indeed, it is perhaps not too much to say, that that which happens humanly happens also in some measure in their regard—we mean that they are almost *too nearly* related for marriage. We beg the reader not to consider this a mere conceit, but to give due weight to the circumstances, on strength of which the assertion is hazarded.

Music and poetry are nearly related, inasmuch as their general objects are similar and their effects comparable; but they are conflicting, inasmuch as they achieve their ends by means, in a great measure, contrary. Some of the greatest efforts of poetical, like some of the greatest efforts of musical genius, may leave their traces in the passion rather than in the intellect; but the journey lies through the intellect, with poetry, wherever it may terminate; music goes another way about. Thus it is that one only conjuncture in vocal music can be considered thoroughly successful, and that is where, minor meanings being disposed of, some general passionate result remains to be proclaimed. The most perfect effect in a Catholic service is an Amen Chorus. If the reader would estimate the real extent of difference between the two arts let him only reflect that those parts of poetry which take the highest rank are, without exception, the least eligible, because the most unmanageable, for music; while, on the other hand, the grandest displays of music absolutely defy literary partnership. One of the most precious gifts of poetry is that transference to the ideal from the actual, and the appropriating to an unexpected sense words or expressions previously restricted to some narrower capacity. The charm of such a use of language depends often upon remote and subtle analogies, and may be said to address the intellectual part of the fancy. Now these which are the most poetical parts of poetry, if we may be allowed the expression, are precisely the most *unmarriageable* for music. In short, poetry is sublime in proportion to the depth of those mines of thought and philosophy which its lightning-flashes momentarily illuminate—it is the "bright consummate flower" that crowns the stem of intellectual truth. But music, with her sweet, *unreasonable* appeals to our passions and sympathies, convinces us, like a woman, by the argument of her beauty alone; we require no dowry of philosophy with her; logic, even in its most sublimated poetical form, we require not—nay resent, as an unpardonable intrusion. Who ever thought of setting the noble soliloquies in Hamlet to music? On the other hand, who ever thought of putting words to a minuet of Haydn's or a fugue of Bach's? The two questions answer one another. Only he, who would think of doing the one, would dream of doing the other. Let a man make either of these attempts;—he will find that the music will sink the poetry in the one case, and the poetry will sink the music in the other. There can be no question, then, that the finest poetry is that which least admits of a musical alliance, and the finest music is that which least admits of a poetical one. Consequently, the most perfect vocal work will be found, on analysis, not to realize either the most perfect musical or the most perfect poetical ideal; but the two imperfections will make one perfection. Wedlock is a painful subject, we know; yet, if permitted to continue our allusion to it, we may remind you, that matrimonial felicity does not usually depend upon the possession of corresponding perfections, but, on the contrary, is marred by it, and that it is rather by a certain moral temperament, in which merits and defects equally play a part, acting mutually as a foil and a compensation to one another, that the marriage state is made blest. And such appears to be the state of the case between music and verse.

Assent will probably be yielded more readily to one of our propositions, than to the other. That poetry for music must of necessity belong to a subordinate rank, will be more easily believed, than that music, which is wedded to poetry, need

share the same condition. As we consider the conjunction of "voice and verse," that "blest pair of Syrens," as Milton calls them, to be one of the highest—if not the very highest—of earthly delights, (if, indeed, "earthly" can be said without indecency), so we would not willingly be misunderstood on such a subject; but as it would be irrelevant to discuss it more at length here, we refer the reader for the present, to some observations we made a few weeks since on this head, in No. 138 of the *MUSICAL WORLD*.

Since the highest order of poetry, therefore, is not that with which music desires to be—or can, to any good purpose, be—associated, the question arises, "What is the standard of musical poetry?"

The best verses for music must be those which realize, as far as verses can, the same objects which music realizes; and which attempt those objects by means, as nearly as possible, similar. The objects of music are few and simple; she seeks to move the passions and affections of the mind,—not progressively or in detail, as poetry does, but at once, and by wholes; she is not didactic, as poetry may be, nor descriptive, nor narrative, and so requires no procession of her ideas other than fancy may suggest, or laws, voluntarily assumed, impose upon her. Her "ways and means" are less easily described; philosophically speaking, they are unknown; they are, however, practically worked by the hands of genius, and that is enough for us. It is obvious, then, that if "verse" would qualify itself for alliance with "voice," by identity, as nearly as may be, of end and means, it must, first of all deal in *masses* of sentiment and not in minutiae; it must leap from point to point of its argument, and sink, or greatly condense, its intermediate connecting matter; it must deal in perfect phrases and whole meanings;* delicate and peculiar shades of thought it must eschew, for these will be thrown away,—not because music is unworthy of them, (as they rashly announce, who have but half an eye for this matter), but because music has meanings of her own equally subtle and shades equally delicate, and these are, on either hand, too slight and transient to be susceptible of connexion.

The refinements of musical poetry must be such as the feelings can at once entertain and appreciate, for there is no time for scrutiny, or reflection in music; we cannot, in a musical performance, linger and dwell on an expression as we do in reading a book; we cannot stop to weigh its propriety in the delicate scales of a poetical judgment; we cannot steal twenty bars rest, while it unfolds to our admiring review all the secret beauties we overlooked at first. The refinements must be such as concern the sentiment rather than the expression. There is unquestionably in music a stronger, more immediate, irresistible power of affection, and, as it were, *fascination*, over the mind, than in poetry. The consequence is that, where they are united, there music naturally and necessarily takes the lead. But music, we have said, has its refinements of expression as well as poetry; when, therefore, the two are in conjunction, the task of refining must be left to the music, since it takes the lead, and the poetry must be content to express those whole and prominent points of meaning upon which the rest turns.

The simplest style of vocal composition—the song or ballad—offers the nearest approach to an equal footing between "verse and voice." In this, a more minute handling of the subject is feasible, and a greater refinement of thought and expression well bestowed. But still there will be no scope for the indulgence of remote fancies, and all the higher parts of poetry are as effectually excluded from the ballad as from the more complex forms of musical composition. Even in recitative, which is a sort of middle ground between singing and saying, it may be doubted whether any style could become an appropriate, or even a tolerable medium for intellectual poetry. One reason seems to be, that music, though possessed of an endless variety of turns, and inflections, drops, and slides, which in their several combinations serve her with her own beautiful, but wild and irregular language,—cannot reduce her expressions to such precise method (who would have her do it?) as to be capable of a recognized correspondence to actual particulars of discourse, and any composer, who in endeavouring to triumph over this obstacle, pushes his experiments too far, only betrays the impossibility of the thing

* For the reader will observe that poetry, even much of that which is called *lyrical*, abounds with unresolved meanings, or, to express ourselves more clearly, with sentences wherein the sense remains suspended and ambiguous, until, some fancy being duly exhausted, or some tempting circuit of digression performed, the poet again alights on the spot where he left us wandering him, and enlightens us with a word.

more openly and absurdly. The fond lover of music, who is used to dwell on all her accents as on those of a mistress, knows well what deep significance often lies in a single note—what new and quaint suggestion in some unexpected turn—what gracious assurance in some lovely cadence—what burst of eloquence, what touching argument, in the dispersion of a common chord, or the compass of one *appoggiatura*. Those, therefore, who can think it any deduction from the perfections of music that she communicates nothing plainly to the understanding, would surely not have loved Miranda had they been Ferdinand, and had chanced to speak a different tongue.*

What has been said is intended to prove, that poetry for music cannot be the finest description of poetry; that it must be content with a comparatively limited range, and in its expressions, as well as in the principles of its construction, must obey certain laws, which without forcing it necessarily into any absurdities, must always, in some measure, operate to impede its free action, to depress its wing, and thus bend it earthwards. But that which remains to be proved is more agreeable. This is, that in occupying a secondary place, musical poetry has no hard condition to complain of; but, on the contrary, a very choice and beautiful task to perform, aye, and honours to reap too, greater and better than it has any idea of. To set forth these, and to encourage musical poets to the very desirable and new undertaking of writing "sense verses," that so their unfortunate brethren, the composers, may obtain a tardy succour where most they want it, will be the object of another paper.

After that, we shall have to offer a few remarks on the principles of adaptation.

THE GRESHAM MUSICAL LECTURES.

Mr. Edward Taylor has this week been delivering his course of public lectures on music, at the room which for the present supplies the want of the proper accommodation, pending the negotiations for the restoration of Gresham College.

The first lecture, being delivered on Thursday, the 22d ult., which was St. Cecilia's day, was appropriately employed in an historical and critical review of the various orders which have been from time to time,—and, for a considerable period, with tolerable regularity,—written and composed in honour of the patron saint of music. From these a selection was made for performance, of which we subjoin a programme.—

Ode, "Cecilia, more than all," Webbe; chorus, "Hail, bright Cecilia," H. Purcell; chorus, "Glory be to the Father," H. Purcell; chorus, "Raise the voice," D. Purcell; song, "See the forsaken fair," Eccles; duet, "By the streams that ever flow," Walond; song, "What passion cannot music," Handel; chorus, "Let old Timotheus," Handel.

Mr. Taylor's manner of treating a musical subject is at once judicious and popular. He mixes the actual with the speculative, just in that proportion which is best calculated to engage, while it instructs, the minds of a mixed audience. He neither loses himself in abstractions, nor overlabours the literal part of criticism; and in making his subject familiar, he does not dispel the charm of its spirituality. We have the more pleasure in saying so, because in an age in which the whole inclination of society conspires to the useful and the popular, there is probably less fear that the fine arts will not be universally diffused, than that they will become somewhat despiritualised in the process of diffusion, and possibly lose a portion of their precious flavour by frequent decantering. The point we wish to see touched in musical affairs, is a middle point, between fact and sentiment; we would popularize—not vulgarize—music. Mr. Taylor discovers a high feeling for the art, and delivers himself occasionally with an eloquence which bears incontestable evidence of it. In the following passage, he sought to vindicate the custom of keeping St. Cecilia's day from any taint of papistry.

* When Miranda utters her first accent, Ferdinand exclaims,

"Fer. My language! heavens!"

but Shakspeare would not have made the love less, had it been Chinese she spoke. The reader will probably remember here that wonderfully truth-like description of a love without a language (that is, a mutual language), which occurs in the second canto of Don Juan.

"St. Cecilia," he said, "may be regarded as the poetical impersonation of our art, as the abstract idea of Music, embodied and brought before our senses, as its power and influence endued with corporeal substance and a human frame. This is what we mean when we invoke her presence and sing her praises; and this is the feeling with which we assemble and unite on the present occasion. We meet to do honor to our art—to pay our willing and ardent devotions at its shrine—to feed and cherish that pure flame which burns in the breast of all its real votaries; of all who love their art *for its own sake*; who think of the pleasures it has yielded, and of the delights it has yet in store; of all it has been, and all it may yet be to them; who, while they banquet with unsated appetite on its former rich and varied produce, look forward with bright and sure anticipation for fruit yet more abundant and more diversified. It is under the influence of these feelings that we now assemble. We are not met to do honor to any individual composer, to the music of any nation, age, or school. It is *music* before whose shrine we bow—music lovely in its attributes—universal in its empire, mighty in its power. Music, the gift of God, and the sweetest language of man."

But the present was not the occasion for the low and mercenary to assemble :

"Who regard music merely as an article of traffic, to whom it presents no other aspect or image than the *shop*, who crawl into notoriety by intrigue, who, having only impudence to offer as the substitute for talent, and unable to accomplish anything for the elevation of the art, seek to degrade it into a *mere engine of sordid and selfish advantage*. To such I have no invitation to offer, and no welcome to give; but I am happy to see around me on the present occasion those who feel that music has other claims to their regard, and that it is capable of yielding other enjoyments than such as arise from the *successful perpetration of a job*."

We devoutly hope, indeed, that a time may come, when the number of those who have occasion to shrink under the lash of reproaches like these will be materially diminished. Musical reform is new, and cannot be expected to bear fruit all at once; but it is something that the cry has been raised, and that those are now found who are bold enough to raise it, and powerful enough to make it heard and feared, and to prolong it till it finds an echo in the public voice.

The lecturer prefaced a chorus from the Cecilian Ode, composed by Daniel Purcell, the brother of Henry, by some general remarks on his talents of a more favourable nature than our musical historians have usually made. We know nothing of Daniel Purcell, and cannot judge of the propriety or impropriety of Sir John Hawkins's sneer, that he was "a good punster but a sorry musician." We believe his compositions are very rarely to be met with.

Mr. Taylor, it seems, possesses a copy of them, both for the church and the stage, as also a MS. score of this Cecilian ode (unpublished) which he believes to be the only one in existence. It formerly belonged to the library of Dr. P. Hayes, and is intended to be deposited in the Gresham Musical Library, a projected national institution to which reference was lately made in this magazine.

It was foreign to Mr. Taylor's purpose in this lecture to enter into any critical examination of the poetical effusions, called odes to St. Cecilia, which have issued from so many pens during the last century and a half, and of which some have and some have not been wedded to music. We propose to give shortly a more detailed account of these productions, chiefly with a view to exhibit the musical notions, and the sort of knowledge or feeling of music, entertained by our national poets. To those who love nonsense a richer harvest can hardly be conceived. "Tis true 'tis pity." Many of the English poets have appeared to write about music simply because they understood it was genteel in a poet to profess himself an admirer of the "sister art;" as Cowley is said to have written his collection of love songs, called "The Mistress,"—without being in love with anybody in particular, but purely from regard to *precedent*. For our parts we prefer a downright defiance of music, such as some of our great men have treated us withal, to this sham affection and enthusiasm on hearsay. Swift was an honest enemy of us musicians, and abused us in good set terms; him we respect—and can abuse in turn. The atrocious Dean has, by the way, a fragment amongst his minor poems which will appropriately close our notice of Mr. Taylor's Cecilian Lecture, for it is commemorative of the same anniversary, and not a little characteristic in its way. It would seem that the Dean had been leading his church to the purposes of a grand musical performance in honour of the patron saint of music, and that on reflection his mind misgave him about it.

"DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Grave Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass,
That you who know music no more than an ass,
That you who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear,
With *trumpets* and *fiddles*, and *organs* and *singing*,
Will, sure, the Pretender and Popery bring in!
No Protestant prelate, his lordship or grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face;
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochetts,
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!"

We are sorry our space forbids our giving any account here of Mr. Taylor's subsequent lectures, which were no less interesting, and which gave occasion to various choice illustrative performances. They were attended to overflowing, and the lecture was interrupted by frequent and hearty applause.

THE CORONATION MONEY.

We are glad to perceive from the following letter, which appeared in yesterday's *Times*, that Sir George Smart is exculpated from being in any manner answerable for the extraordinary postponement of the claims of the musical performers at the late Coronation. The writer affirms, that Sir George has only within a few days received the payment due from the Government on this account, and that he had in some instances advanced money from his own purse before the settlement took place.

We, in common with the writer of this letter, would gladly know to what particular party blame attaches in this matter, for such conduct as that complained of deserves to be made the subject of the severest public animadversion. The injury which would receive redress by legal process in a private case, escapes unavenged when committed in the name of the Government.

Sir.—Loud complaints have been made by the members of the musical profession at the unwarrantable delay of five months, in remunerating the performers for their services at the Coronation in June last, payment having only been made within these few days, after repeated remonstrances from the parties concerned, who, in all other engagements, are accustomed to receive their salaries immediately after their fulfilment.

The angry feeling, however, to which this delay has naturally given rise, has led to an erroneous impression, that the director of the music had long since received from Government the necessary funds for liquidating those expenses, and that the blame of withholding payment for such a lengthened period rested entirely with him. Now, so far from Sir George Smart having been concerned in the delay complained of, he only received the necessary remittance from Government on the 19th of this month, and on the same day he issued a circular to all concerned.

I have reason to know, also, that Sir George advanced money in some instances from his own private purse, before he received the official authority from Government.

Without expressing an opinion as to what particular department is answerable for this manifest breach of faith, certain it is, that many of the less affluent members of the profession, who had calculated upon a settlement within a reasonable period after the Coronation, were compelled to mortgage the amount of their engagements for considerably less than their value, and one individual retained in his possession several of these precious relics for presentation on pay-day.

November 26.

ONE OF THE CHOIR.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPTS OF DR. JOHN BULL.

We are glad to find that the acknowledged necessity for establishing some national depositary of music, and the praiseworthy attempt of the Gresham music professor to remedy this defect have awakened in musicians a proper spirit of co-operation. The curious facts detailed in the communication of Mr. Warren,

show how many materials for the history of the progress of instrumental music in England have been lost for the want of a national library, and through the dispersion of valuable private collections of composition. Regrets for the past are unavailing;—let us adopt new and better courses for the future.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In your notice of Mr. Edward Taylor's letter and address on the subject of the proposed National Library of Music, mention is made of Dr. John Bull, the first Gresham professor of music. In Ward's "Lives of the Gresham Professors," published in 1740, a long list is given of upwards of two hundred compositions by Dr. Bull, then extant in manuscript in the collection of Dr. Pepusch. As every lover of music must be anxious to ascertain what has become of those very interesting manuscripts, I should be glad to know, through the medium of "The Musical World," if any of your readers or correspondents can inform me, whether any of them are still in existence, and in whose possession they remain. One of the volumes afterwards came into the possession of Dr. Kitchener; it is the one containing what was supposed to have been the original "God save the King," which afterwards turned out to be nothing more than a ground of four notes, with variations for the original, by Dr. Bull; this is printed at length in Kitchener's "Loyal and National Songs."

Of the fate of Dr. Pepusch's very valuable library, Sir John Hawkins thus mentions:—"This library, which contained in it the most valuable treatises on music, in various languages that are any where extant, either in manuscript or in print; as also a noble collection of manuscript compositions, was attended with some singular circumstances. Immediately upon his decease, in virtue of the disposition which he had previously made of his effects, Travers and Kelter took possession of them, and divided his library into moieties. Travers survived the Doctor but a short time, and his part of it came into the hands of his representative, an old woman, and after that, to a person, who dying, it was sold by auction, in July 1760, and produced a very inconsiderable sum of money. Kelter, who had long assisted the Doctor as his amanuensis, was a man of learning and a sound musician. He lodged in a house in Martlet Court, Russell Street, Covent Garden, and having no relations, he gave a man, named Cooper, who had been his copyist, reason to hope for a share of the little he might leave at his decease; but dying without making any written disposition of his effects, the woman of the house in which they were laid hands on his instruments, books, and manuscripts, and insisted upon keeping them, as she had possession, and there being no legatee to claim them. The man (Cooper) upon this, taking the advice of a lawyer, applied for and obtained letters of administration as a creditor of the deceased. Commenced a suit in chancery against the woman, and in a few days' time came into the possession of the books and manuscripts to the amount of *two cart loads*, part of which was disposed of by private contract; the rest were sold at Pattison's, in Essex Street, in the Strand, in 1763. In this sale were two very curious articles; the one an antiphony which, by a memorandum in an outer leaf of it, appears to have been found with almost a *cargo of Romish service books* on board a Spanish man-of-war, taken on the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588; the other, a manuscript very richly bound, formerly was Queen Elizabeth's; most probably written for her practice, in a fine neat character, upon six lines, and containing a collection of nearly three hundred pieces by Bird, Giles Farnaby, Dr. Bull, &c., on four hundred folio pages, nearly sixty of which are by Dr. Bull. This volume was purchased by Robert Bremner, of the Strand, (the music-seller), at whose sale it was bought for the British Museum, where it now remains. Dr. Burney observes, "We should suppose that the pieces of Bull were composed to be tried, not played; for private practice, not public use, as they surpass every idea of difficulty that can be formed from the lessons of Handel, Scarlatti, Sebastian Bach, &c." (Such was his opinion.) The principal difficulties are passages for the left-hand running in sixths and thirds, triplets against two notes of the same value, also for the left-hand, and all in four parts; Dr. Bull must have been a voluminous composer, as appears by the above. All that remains of his works, are those in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book; several hymns for a single voice, with an accompaniment in tablature for the lute, in a small manuscript; also, in the Museum Library, one or two in the Parthenia, and an anthem or two in Boyce and Tudway's Collections. There is (or was) extant another manuscript volume for the Virginals, transcribed by Baldwin, of Windsor, for Lady Nevill, in which are contained several of Dr. Bull's pieces; among others, by Bird, Farnaby, and several of which (according to Burney) are the same as those in the Queen's book. I remember seeing Lady Nevill's Virginal Book for sale in a shop in Pall-Mall, (I think) in 1820-1, but know not in whose collection it remains at present.

Of the musical compositions of the time of James the First, there are very few remains. In fact, from the state of the arts in England at that period, (a sad contrast to the preceding reign), we cannot expect much. Our most celebrated musicians, not finding sufficient en-

couragement at home, went abroad, principally to the Netherlands, then in a flourishing state. Dr. Bull quitted England in 1613, and settled at Lubeck. Dr. Dowland, who left England in 1616, went to Denmark. Thomas Ravenscroft is also supposed to have settled abroad.

Independent of the abovementioned works by Dr. Bull, there are several full anthems in Barnard's Collection, printed in 1641, in single parts.

I have in my own collection a thick folio volume of upwards of a thousand pages, containing the organ part only, of a great number of services and anthems by Tallis-Bird, Orlando Gibbons, Weelkes, Thomas and John Tomkins, Adrian Batten, Woodson, Warde, Mundy, Parsons, Morley, Stragers, Dr. Tye, Dr. Giles, Farnaby, Hilton, Richard and John Farrant, Shepherd, &c. &c.; and several anthems by Dr. Bull, none of which are to be found in any collections that have been printed within these last hundred years. The volume is a complete organ part in full; on six lines—not the figured bass of after years, for there is not a single figure in it, and it appears from the stamp marks to be found therein, to have formerly belonged to the Chapel-Royal in the time of Charles the First, and most probably saved from the general destruction of choir-books, by the army of Cromwell, by private purchase of one of the soldiers, (which appears to have been the case with the organ pipes at Westminster Abbey); or, at the time away from the library, perhaps in the hands of the copyist. From several notes to be therein, it appears to have been copied by Adrian Batten at various times.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
JOSEPH WARREN.

REVIEW.

Unto thee have I cried, O Lord! an Anthem, composed and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. William Ashley, by George Elvey, organist to her Majesty, and of the Royal Chapel, Windsor.

This anthem, in the key of E, with the greater third (to speak after the manner of Boyce), displays an attempt on the part of the composer (a meritorious one as far as it goes), to uphold the style of the cathedral writers, lately so injuriously treated by the admission of all sorts of foreign masters, and modern Catholic church compositions into our cathedral choirs. The anthem begins with a symphony for diapasons and swell, not left to the imagination of the player upon the single notes of a given bass, but drawn out in an orderly manner. The four voices of the semi-chorus then enter together. A solo for an alto succeeds, in the second strain of which a good subject for contrapuntal treatment in the concluding chorus is lost sight of. The last chorus is almost entirely without imitations, but has some good effects in the expression of the words, which show in Mr. Elvey a feeling for graceful and expressive harmony. We cannot, however, discover any indication of genius in this anthem, or give it higher praise than belongs to elegant common place.

Gems of German Song. By the most admired Composers, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, the English poetry adapted from Byron, Wither, Herrick, Pindar, Thompson, &c., by T. H. Severn.

The peculiar merit of German songs is, that they are generally built upon better foundations of harmony than our own; their accompaniments are, for the most part, more masterly and better designed, if their melody is not of a more inventive cast. The praise of good musicianship distinguishes the selection before us, which contains many elegant things. We applaud Mr. Severn's sense and taste in making his selections from poets of established fame, and giving us words in which passion is not at variance with reason. The lyric character of such composers as Weber, Spohr, Dorn, &c. is so well known as to spare us the labour of being critical upon the music.

The Vocal Works of Andreas Romberg. The Poet's Desire, a poem, translated from the German of Schiller, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Emma Cawthorne, by E. B.

A very agreeable *scena* for a soprano or tenor voice. The movements are various and well contrasted, and the style discovers that union of simplicity and novelty which among all the writers of the modern German school no one has so

entirely made his own as Andreas Romberg in his odes and cantatas. The arrangement, which is neat and musician-like, conveys a good idea of the orchestral features of the score.

The Rose. A Vocal Quartet, the poetry from the Latin of Casimer, the music composed by the late C. W. Banister.

The late Mr. C. W. Banister, we believe, chiefly composed religious music for dissenting congregations, and possessed some share of native talent, however little the sect among which he moved may have improved it. Of the present, a secular production, we cannot speak in very high terms. The words are indeed very innocent; but the music is of a kind which chiefly depends for its interest on changes of time and effects of *piano* and *forte*. Such qualities may recommend the work to a certain order of glee-singers, but hardly to those who are familiar with classical models. We suspect that publications like the present are better fitted to succeed among the private connexions of the composer, than with the public at large.

Select Pieces from the Deluge, a sacred oratorio by F. Schneider, translated from the German, by Edward Taylor.

"Joy returning."—A soprano solo, with accompanying chorus for two sopranos, alto and tenor, which in private performance would be found very effective in the shape of a quintet. The subject is of captivating elegance, and the design in the original oratorio is of a most unusual description, this movement being intended to unite a solo soprano with a chorus of female voices in harmony. The combination produces all that can be desired of novelty and beauty. The parts move freely, and rest upon harmonious intervals, and the cadences of the principal voice, and of the accompanying instrument (a clarinet, we believe,) are exceedingly graceful. Since Haydn wrote the *Creation* there has not been a newer thing in modern music than Schneider has accomplished in this number of the *Deluge*.

"O'er the mighty waters."—Terzetto for soprano, tenor and bass. The style, the key, the time, &c. of this charming composition all conspire to recall, we can hardly tell why, the celebrated trio in the *Creation*, "How beautiful appear." There is a freshness in the melody of F. Schneider which is rarely found in this age of laboured chromatics and harmonic mannerism. In this simplicity consists one of the highest merits of the oratorio style; it is a quality which when wholly untinctured with vulgarity, gives a character of greatness to composition, extends its popularity, and renders its interest permanent. Besides this very unusual simplicity in his melody and design, Schneider exhibits another excellent characteristic of the true inventor—his music discovers no pauses, or haltings for ideas; he does not, when he has reached the end of a phrase of melody, make some grim and inexplicable modulation, and then repeat the melody—the method by which some composers "carry on the war," but keeps straight on, expending a stock of genuine thoughts. His method of composing is certainly the true one for success in the oratorio; by more artifice in harmonizing a greater present impression may be created, but weariness and disgust attend the repetition of such music. Those who admire the music of the *Creation* will be especially pleased with this terzetto, which is "like with a difference." There is the same graceful motion in the accompaniments, the same pleasing bassoon and flute effects, the same happy serenity of style; and, amidst all the modern luxury of accompaniment, the voices still maintain their superior interest.

"On the dwellings of thy children."—An adagio cantabile for a treble voice, originally accompanied by three violoncellos, and as the progression of the parts for these instruments may be decyphered with sufficient accuracy from the pianoforte part, when *violoncelli* are attainable they may still be used. The character of this composition is grave and supplicatory, and the voice stands out in beautiful contrast to the accompanying instruments. A new and peculiar method of instrumenting each movement adds much to the interest of the work.

"All just, all wise Creator!"—Chorus and fugue. The introduction to this chorus is simply melodious, and intended to be executed in a subdued tone. The following allegro is of grand choral construction:—the voices pealing in long notes

to moving basses, and iterated notes of the violins. This ushers in a clear fugue on two subjects, which is a perfectly satisfactory specimen of that style of composition. Nothing is overdone; no useless parade of counterpoint appears; but the subjects, both separately and together, receive that justice which the educated hearer desires at the hands of the scientific contrapuntist.

Mr. E. Taylor has, we believe, Englished nearly the whole of this magnificent work of F. Schneider, and we need hardly say what pleasure it would give the musical public if the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall would undertake to get it up. We have seen the score, which not only contains single, double, and triple choruses of an admirable character, but pieces of orchestral symphony and descriptive music, worthy the efforts of a powerful and well-trained band. F. Schneider ought to be better known in England. Without being the servile imitator of any particular school or composer, he has from study, feeling, and reflection, and the long habit of choral writing for the festivals in the North of Germany, attained more of the old Handelian force than any living writer of oratorios. In this respect he is certainly without a rival.

PROVINCIAL.

SALISBURY.—The first meeting for the present season of the Salisbury Madrigal and Glee Society, took place last night.

CAMBRIDGE.—On Monday, Mons. Venua's concert opened with Haydn's 12th symphony, *The Military*, omitting the finale. The allegretto movement was particularly admired, and the trio needs no praise, although we must in justice mention the exquisite flute accompaniment. Miss Bruce made her first appearance (together with Bradfield, Piper, and Williams), in a glee by Goss, which was very elegant and smooth. She was not fortunate in her first solo, an Italian Scena, by Donizetti; there was a want of spirit, and the comparison drawn by those who had heard it on a former occasion at the Philharmonic, was altogether unfavourable to this lady. Mr. Nicholls was, as usual, successful in his flute concerto, and it would only be a repetition of former notices to praise him on the present occasion. In Haydn's lovely canzonet, "She never told her love," Miss Bruce so far redeemed her character as to obtain an *encore*. The upper part of this lady's voice is good, but the lower rather coarse; and although her shake is good, the preparation for it is very unpleasant. The great treat of the evening was Weber's Concert Stück in F, played by Miss Hall, of the Royal Academy, on the piano, and accompanied occasionally by the orchestra. There was evident want of rehearsal in this piece, so much so that in the middle of it, after the bassoon had played a few notes out of tune, the other wind instruments were silent, instead of playing the march that should have followed. But the pianoforte part merits the highest praise, and the more so because the music is such as to require not only great execution and accuracy, but greater strength of hand than can fairly be expected from a lady. A more brilliant piano would have done her greater justice. She was most warmly applauded, and deservedly so. The second Act began with Auber's overture to *Massaniello*, played with great spirit. We regret that we cannot praise Miss Bruce's version of "Kate Kearney," not approving of the fashion of adding ornament to a simple ballad, unless the execution be so faultless as to excuse it. A concerto of De Beriot's, performed by Mons. Venua, gave the highest satisfaction; the music is good, and the execution worthy of it. Mons. Venua then indulged the company with a variety of comic variations on the theme "Dolce Conento," which afforded much amusement and some admiration. Miss Bruce then sang "Jock o'Hazeldean," which was an improvement on her former ballad, in spite of a different reading of the original air. A concerto on the Cornopean, by Dufresne, with an introduction by Professor Walmisley, was performed by Mr. Sippel, with great execution, and highly applauded. Stevens's beautiful glee, "Ye spotted snakes," was then sung by Messrs. Bradfield, Piper, Ling, and Williams, with very good effect. A little more spirit would have gained an *encore*. "God save the Queen" (the solos by Miss Bruce) closed a concert, which, to judge from the number in the room and the selection, must have been highly satisfactory both to the giver and the audience. Professor Walmisley conducted.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

LEEDS.—On Thursday evening last, Strauss, assisted by his celebrated orchestra, gave a grand concert and ball in the Music Hall, which was attended by between two and three hundred of the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood.

CARMARTHEN.—Mr. Bochsa gave his farewell concert on Thursday evening last, at the Assembly Room in the Boar's Head in this town, to a very numerous and fashionable audience. He was assisted by Mrs. Bishop, Puzzi, Brizzi, &c. The *Carmarthen Journal* speaks of Mrs. Bishop's singing in high terms.

ABERYSTWITH.—On Monday, Mr. Bochsa gave his evening concert at the Assembly Rooms, to a company which, if not overflowing, was more numerous than we expected at this time of the year, when all our summer friends have flown. There were in the rooms between 70 and 80 persons.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

DUBLIN.—Madame Dulcken gives a third concert at the Rotunda to-morrow evening.

BATH.—Mr. Loder has announced four subscription concerts. The first will take place on the 17th of next month, for which Miss Birch, Miss Fanny Wyndham, F. Lablache, and Mori, are engaged. Strauss gives a concert to-morrow evening in the Assembly Rooms.

STAMFORD.—Mori's concert takes place this evening.

NEWCASTLE.—The Philharmonic Society announce the first of a series of concerts for the 13th of December. Miss Bruce is engaged, and arrangements are in progress to secure the services of Miss Birch and Mr. and Mrs. Wood for the remaining concerts.

WINDSOR.—A musical society has just been formed in this town under the title of the Windsor and Eton Harmonic Society. The gentlemen of the Choir of St. George's Chapel have joined it, and it is intended to give a series of four concerts of vocal and instrumental music, as soon as the subscriptions cover the necessary expenses.

COURT CIRCULAR.

Her Majesty and suite attended divine service on Sunday last at St. George's Chapel. The musical service was Boyce in A. and the Anthem Luther's Hymn. Her Majesty is expected to leave Windsor for Brighton on Monday next.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHORAL HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second season concert given by this society took place on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The selection performed was entirely sacred. The principal vocalists were Mr. Turner, Mr. A. Novello, Miss Woodyatt, and Miss Allen.

THE PHILHARMONIC.—Mr. Bishop was elected on Monday evening, at a general meeting of the Philharmonic Society, to fill up the vacancy in the directorship, caused by Mr. Moscheles declining to accept the office. The present directors are Messrs. Bishop, F. Cramer, Potter, T. Cooke, Dance, Willman, and Anderson. Treasurer, Mr. Dance, and Secretary, Mr. Watts.

ROSSINI'S GUILLAUME TELL.—With the view of removing the obloquy under which the musical character of this country has for the last nine years laboured, as respects *Guillaume Tell*, this magnificent opera (considered not only as the *Chef-d'œuvre* of Rossini, but as one of the finest of operatic works), is in full rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre. In every principal city and town of Europe, has this celebrated work received the homage so justly due to its extraordinary merits. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the undertaking of giving the opera in its original form, without undergoing the miserable mutilation of modern mercenaries, the speculative adapters. The band and chorus will be enlarged for the occasion. The production of Rossini's opera must not be confounded with the revival of Sheridan Knowles's play of the same name, at Covent Garden Theatre, with alterations by the author, so as to introduce some gleanings of Rossini's music in the shape of choruses.

OPERATICAL DOINGS.—After Christmas, Mr. Macready intends to get up operas on a splendid scale. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Mr. H. Phillips will be added to the Covent-Garden establishment, and the orchestral and choral departments materially improved. Rooke's new opera, in which two of his pupils are to appear, will be the earliest novelty. At Drury-Lane, after *William Tell* has been produced; John Barnett's opera will be brought out, the *prima donna* having been propitiated operas by Balfe, Benedict, Bishop, and F. Romer, are also spoken of. It is not yet definitively arranged, as to the production of Lord Burghersh's opera, of *Il Torneo*, for which an attractive English story has been written, but it is highly probable that it will be given before the season closes, and will perhaps introduce Mrs. Bishop and Miss F. Wyndham, as stage singers.

THE GERMAN OPERA.—This undertaking remains in *statu quo*, as Spontini requires a certain subscription to insure his company against loss. It is nevertheless surmised, that the Teutonic will visit the metropolis next spring.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Committee have resolved to give a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, before Christmas, for the purpose of performing, for the first time in this country, a motet by Mendelssohn, and some new works, composed by pupils of the academy. The programme has been sent to Paris for Lord Burghersh's sanction, which has been obtained. Mr. H. R. Bishop has been appointed one of the Board of Professors for the examination of candidates for the King's Scholarship, the election for which takes place next month.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—The taste for Italian music amongst the Gallic amateurs appears to depend essentially upon locality. Since the removal of the Italian company to the *Odéon*, the greatest phalanx perhaps of vocal talent in Europe has been displayed only to empty benches. The Parisian *dilettante* complain of the distance from their favourite resorts on the Boulevards, and have a perfect horror of crossing the *Seine*, for fear of being seen so far from the regions of fashion. Grisi, Albertazzi, Assandri, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanoff are thus,—*mirabile dictu!*—at a discount in the very capital which our modest neighbours call the "centre of civilization."

MR. JOSEPH DONIZETTI, brother of the celebrated composer, is at the head of the military band of the Sultan at Constantinople.

COMPOSERS AND SINGERS.—A curious dispute is now in active progress in Dublin, and the press and the manager of the Theatre-Royal are at "daggers drawn." The origin of the quarrel, it is rumoured, has arisen from a request on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Wood to Mr. Balfe, to compose an opera for them. Miss Romer, it seems, had however exacted a promise from Balfe, that he would write only for her, the penalty of his refusing being a threat on her part, not to sing in any of his operas. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, indignant at this determination of Mr. Balfe, in their turn, decline playing in any of his works, and hence the Irish row. Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Balfe have been consequently singing together in Rooke's *Amile*.

THE LATE MADLLE. BLASIS.—The unfortunate Blasis, lately snatched from the world, after only a week's illness, from inflammation of the lungs, was not only remarkable for the soundness of her talent, but for her filial and sisterly goodness. Her funeral in the church of S. Croce, at Florence, was attended by a great concourse of persons, and Mozart's requiem was performed over her remains. A funeral cantata was also performed, in honour of her, in the Theatre Pergola.

BELLOWS-BLOWING EXTRAORDINARY.—Rink, in the preface to his Organ School, in a brief historical notice of famous instruments, mentions, on the authority of the Monk Wolstan, the organ in the Cathedral of Winchester in 951, which had fourteen pair of bellows, and required the vigorous exertion of seventy stout men to blow. The expense of organ practice must have been considerable in those days.

BANNISTER.—This celebrated performer, sauntering through the Strand one day, entered one of those auctioneer's shops which are so numerous in the metropolis, and where the eloquence of the auctioneer covers the inferiority of his wares. "You see!" said he of the hammer, "that I am not selling these articles—I am actually giving them away." "Then," gravely rejoined Bannister, "I will thank you for that tea-urn you have in your hand."

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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 The Badge, ditto Ditto
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 Harris, G. F. Swiftly o'er the Brenda bounding, duet Boosey
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 Nelson, S. No. 3 of Standard Songs, John Anderson Jefferys
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By order of the Committee,

W. P. SMITH, Secretary.

Further particulars may be known on application at the Academy. All communications must be post paid.

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